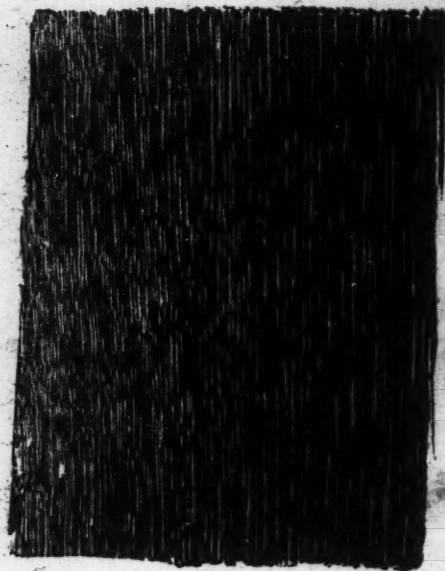


AN ELEGIE OFFER'D UP TO THE Memory of his Excellencie ROBERT

Earle of *Essex* and *Essex*, Viscount *Hereford*, Lord *Ferrers* of *Chartley*, *Bourchier*
and *Lovaine*, late GENERAL of the PARLIAMENTS Forces.



Some tall Oake 'gainst whom the envious Wind
Oft in impetuous Hurricans combin'd
Does stand unmov'd, although assaild by all
The angry Gales, yet of it selfe does fall
When there's scarce Breath enough i'th fallen Aire
To ravell or disturb a Virgins Haire:
So this brave Lord who like a swelling Rock
At *Keynton*, *Newbury*, had stood the Shock
Of death, unmov'd, where he himselfe had flung
Amidst his Troops with all his Terrors Hung
This death at last did like a drousie sleepe
O're his becalm'd unguarded Sences creepe.
What Springs of Teares shall we disburse? what *Terse*
Curld Metaphors now stick upon his Hearse?
Tears are but dull and, common rights they are
The stipend of each vulgar Sepulcher
Here Seas themselves should belav'd out, and streams
Be lick'd up by the Sun's refulgent Beams
That in the day's great Eye there might appear
For this great Ruine too, a Funerall Tear
Whole Cataracts should bee exhald, and then
Distill'd in liquid Obsequies agen,
Such shoures are most proportion'd to his Fate
And to his losse such Teares Commensurate,
What Shrine or Trophies shall our lavish Art
As Tribute to his Alhes now impart?
What Dole of Obelisk's shall wee entrust
To stand as Alphabets unto his Dust?
Alas (Great Lord) what Urne is fit for thee?
Who to thy selfe art Urne and Elegie
And for Supporters wee our selves become
Congeal'd with Sighs Supporters to his Tombe.
What Gummes or Spices shall wee now prepare
T'enshrine his Dust: since they but fluid are
And obvious to Decay so soone, they'l bee
Transform'd themselves into more Dust then Hee,
No, Hee has left his Name, which shall embalme
His Earth, and all Corruption so becalme
This when, his Sear-cloath is Dissolv'd and Spent,
Shall to it selfe bee its own Monument;
What Tapers now shall wee afford his Shrine?
About the Chaos of his Dust to shine
That Fire which glow'd within his Honor'd Breast

And is lock'd up now in his Marble Chest
Shall fill their Roome, and from the gloomy Night
Of his dark Vault, Dart a perpetuall Light.
What Heaps of Palme and Laurell shall wee lay
As Chaplets drop'd upon his livelesse Clay?
No let us rather Sprigs of Olives strow
Upon his Monument, which there will grow,
And by our Teares manur'd shall so increase
It shall bee stil'd by all the Arke of Peace.
How Crippled now Nature does seeme, her Frame
Is disproportion'd and her Junctures lame
Since from her Bulke this mighty Limb is lop'd;
And as when Flowers by early Fate are crop'd
From off their Stalke the mourning Stem appears
As if it wept their losse bath'd ore with Teares:
So now when Hee that seem'd even to Cement
Nature's vast Fabrick, from her Building's rent
By Death's unthrifty Hand, the whole Compact
By this one Blow is so resolv'd and slack'd
'Tis fear'd 'twill languish into Dust, and all
The heap of Men entomb too in its fall,
For at that Breach thy Soul flew out at, wee
Our selves (Great Lord) must bleed to Death with Thee
Since then (Fair Soul) thou by thy Fate doest gaine
Triumphs and Palmes, and wee alone sustaine
The Losse, and Death attempting to benight
With his blind Clouds the Glory of thy Light
With which so long amidst our Orbe you shone
Has fix'd thee now a Constellation
In Heaven above, look from thy brighter Sphere
On us, who like dull Ants lye groveling here
Maim'd by thy Death, and if leane Envie dare
To rake or paddle in thy Sepulcher
May shee grope out her way to that, and find
Thou with thy Spotlesse Beams didst strike her Blind;
Enjoy thy Crowne of Glory then, and bee
As from all Guilt, so from all Envie free,
And if in after ages, any Stone
Shall bee by bold Detractors at thee throwne
T'will turne a precious one, and so combine
To make this Crowne of Glory brighter shine.

Thomas Philipot.